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COMPARISON BETWEEN TENIERS AND WILKIE.

It is a mistake to consider either of these artists (Teniers and Wilkie) as *comic* painters. I do not recollect a joke in any picture by either of them. They are painters of human life—at least of a certain class of it; and if the scenes that occur in, and distinguish that class, are of a smiling character—good: but the artists chose them, not because they bear that character generally, but *because they are there*. They are painters of truth; and because such is the truth, they paint it—not because the truth is such. If the truth had been different, their pictures would have been different. Without knowing anything of the personal character of either, I should judge them both, the one to have been, and the other to be, steady, serious, severe, painstaking men—almost incapable of enjoying a joke, much less of inventing one. They are painters of facts and things, not of sentiments, and ideas, and opinions; and, as Nature is no joker, so they are none. Not that if society or circumstances throw a joke in their way, they have any objection to pick it up; but they never think of going out of their way to find one. In fact, they are conscientious to a fault; like Mr. Crabbe, the poet, they think that whatever is fit to be done, is fit to be painted; their *choice* of subject is confined to a class, and to nothing else. There is, however, this grand difference between Teniers and Wilkie, that the one is a painter of the *real* truth, and the other of the *ideal*: for Wilkie's pictures are as ideal, in the true sense of that term, as the finest of the antiques are; that is to say, they are as much founded in the absolute truth of Nature, yet as little to be seen there in point of fact. Every one of Teniers' scenes *has* happened. But not one of Wilkie's scenes ever did or could happen; though there is no reason to be given why they should not. In short, the scenes of the one (Wilkie) are absolutely *true to Nature*, and consistent with it in all their parts; but the other's are *Nature itself*. Perhaps it may still further illustrate the relative merits of these two extraordinary artists, if I say that, if Wilkie has more individual *expression* than Teniers, the latter has much more *character*; that if the scenes of the former are more entertaining and exciting, those of the latter are more satisfying—that of Wilkie's affect us more like a capital performance on the stage. Teniers' are felt and remembered more as actual scenes that have passed before us in real life—that, in fact, Wilkie's are admirable *pictures*, but that Teniers' are the things themselves! As I have no scruple in placing these two extraordinary artists on a general level, in point of acquired skill, as well as of natural power, I will add, that whatever Wilkie wants of the freedom and facility of touch of his dead rival, and the exquisite truth, purity, and transparency of his coloring, he, at least, compensates for it in his conception and execution of individual expression. The *quantity* of expression that Wilkie is capable of throwing into a face, without in the slightest degree overstepping the "modesty of Nature," has never yet been equalled by any artist, living or dead, whose works are at present extant.—*British Galleries of Art.*

Of all the collections of pictures imported into England during the period of the French Revolution, the most important was the gallery of the Duke of Orleans. In order that some idea may be formed of it, some particulars are given respecting its origin. Philip, Duke of Orleans, known by the name of the Regent, founded it in the first half of the eighteenth century, with much taste, and at a very great expense. The principal acquisition that he made was forty-seven pictures, formerly in the possession of Queen Christina of Sweden.

Among them were the three celebrated works by Correggio—the Leda, the Io, and the Danaë. To these, other important collections were annexed, either wholly or in part, embracing those of the three cardinals—Richelieu, Mazarin, and Dubois. The Duke also embraced every opportunity of purchasing single fine pictures, the most celebrated of which is the raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo, painted as a companion to Raphael's Transfiguration, from the Cathedral of Narbonne. The gallery, at his death, consisting of 485 pictures, contained the most costly treasures of the most flourishing periods of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools, but was especially rich in Italian pictures of the age of Raphael and the Caracci.

Louis, Duke of Orleans, the son of the Regent, nearly did this gallery irreparable injury. In a fit of blind fanaticism, he cut the heads of Leda and Io out of the pictures of Correggio, and burnt them. These pictures were purchased afterwards for Frederick the Great, and are now in the Royal Museum at Berlin.

By the dispersion of this and other collections throughout England, a taste for fine pictures was astonishingly increased, and succeeding years afforded various and rare opportunities for gratifying it in a worthy manner. When the storm of the French Revolution burst over the different countries of Europe, and shook the foundations of the property of states, as well as of individuals, the general distress, and the insecurity of property, brought an immense number of works of Art into the market, which had for centuries adorned the altars of churches as inviolably sacred, or ornamented the palaces of the great, as memorials of ancient wealth and splendor. Of these works of Art, England found means to obtain by far the greater number, and the best. No sooner was a country overrun by the French, than Englishmen skilled in the Arts were at hand with their guineas. Thus it happened that most of the great families of Italy lost more or less of their treasures of Art. This fate fell with particular severity on Rome, especially on the families Aldobrandini, Borghese, Colonna, &c.; then in Genoa, where the families of Balbi, Doria, Durazzo and others, sold the whole, or part of their collections. In Florence, the palace Riccardi; in Naples, the Royal Palace Cape di Monte, lost many admirable pictures. Lastly, a great number of churches throughout Italy parted with their altar-pieces.

In the same manner and with the same success, taking advantage of the circumstances of the times, have the English exerted themselves, from the year 1798 to the present time, in Belgium, Holland, France, Italy, and Spain. In proportion as the number of capital pictures thus imported gradually increased, the more did a taste for them spread, and with a greater demand, the prices continued to rise. The natural consequence was, that whoever, in Europe, wished to sell pictures of great value, endeavored to dispose of them in England; an immense number were accordingly consigned there. From the Netherlands, especially, many were brought, among which were some of the highest class, from old family collections. The smallest towns in Holland often contained pictures by the best masters; that country, accordingly, was regularly explored like a hunting-cover by the picture dealers; in little towns, notice was given by the public crier that those having old pictures to dispose of, might come forward and find a market.

The number of pictures procured in these divers modes, to which may be added those purchased singly by Englishmen during their travels, will enable one to form a tolerable idea of the extraordinary treasures which England possesses.—*Dr. Waagen.*

THE French Exhibition progresses; but not one-fifth of the French pictures will, says the

correspondent of the *Daily News*, be received. M. Grome has executed a gigantic picture, nearly as large as the "Marriage of Cana," and calls it "The Apotheosis of Augustus," a tame classical subject, that does not promise much. M. Yvon, of the spasmodic school, perpetuates his nation's crime, and its folly, and its punishment, by a ghastly "Retreat from Moscow," accompanying it with a loathsome hospital scene—"The First Amputation." M. Scheffer—solemnly and saintly,—will appear with "Satan tempting our Saviour."—*London Athenæum.*

ART-PLEASURES are doubled by participation. * * * Art humors no rank,—and it must do even Royalty good to reflect that the humble artist who paints the picture on which it gazes, though a miller's son, like Rembrandt, or a pastry-cook, like Claude Lorraine, was born heir of a wider realm than that over which it reigns—one free from all the cares of royal heads, unvisited by taxes, and exposed to no enemies.

It is reported that Kossuth is preparing for the press a collection of his letters from Turkey, which will probably contain some curious pieces of secret history.

THAT pictures keep up their prices, if railway shares go down, was proved the other day at the sale of the Baron de Mecklenburg's collection. The following are some of the sums realized, as stated by a contemporary: Horse Market, by Wouvermans, brought 72,000 fr. (\$14,000); a Landscape, by Hobbima, 80,000 fr. (\$16,000); a Landscape, by Both, 28,000 fr. (\$5,600).—*English paper.*

THE
Landscape Element
IN
AMERICAN POETRY.
STREET.

THERE is a simplicity and clearness in Street's perception of Nature, which is to her true lovers exceedingly attractive. He has qualities analogous to those of the early religious painters, and though perhaps far from faultless, his descriptive passages come, to those who long for the soothing influences of external nature, with a charm like the sound of a forest-hidden cascade. I do not think there is another poet who shows in his works so entire a perception of the value of detail and specific truth, as Street. He, indeed, in many cases over-estimates it, and in consequence fills his pictures so full, that their repose is broken up. One feels that the poet, filled with the sense of the beauty in his flowers and fern leaves, will never be satisfied with giving them to you, but pours them out with a profusion which diminishes their value materially. We want more choice and less in quantity. To him, all that Nature gives is beautiful, and nothing is so poor that he can leave it out of his study. Take, for example, the following from "A September Stroll:"

"The hickory-shell, cracked open by its fall,
Shows its ripe fruit, an ivory ball, within;
And the cleft chestnut-burr displays its sheath,
White glistening, with its glossy nuts below.
Scatter'd around, the wild rose-bushes hang
Their ruby buds tipping their thorny sprays.
"The everlasting blossoms seem as cut
In delicate silver, whitening o'er the slopes;
The seedy clematis, branch'd high, is robed
With woolly tufts; the snowy Indian-pipe